

[P. 159 a] Dumna

787 He saw sloping hillsides with trees on them, and everywhere there were hundreds of people. He could see directly in front of him and well off toward the right, but to the left he saw nothing. On that side he just saw Missionary Y's back where he was walking off toward the left and disappeared.⁴⁶

B.W.'s relatives came up to welcome him and they told him to stay with them now. But he refused, saying that it was not yet time for him to live in heaven. He did not see God anywhere in heaven, but he could hear him talking. Everything was green there.

When B.W. ended he added, in the prayerful manner in which the sun, water, morning star, etc., are addressed, "God is with me all the time and makes me well."

Beginning of White Occupation

773 After narrating the Dumna creation myth, B.W. added a coda of his own:

Then God dropped acorns, manzanita, and all the seeds that were needed. In the spring the salmon came, were dried, and were taken home. On the Sacramento [River] it was just the same. The Indians moved around everywhere at this time, went anywhere to pick acorns. Everything was loose [free]. The [Dumna] people camped along the river [San Joaquin] all the way down to Firebaugh.⁴⁷

Then he continued his narrative:

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649 Then white people came, about seven or eight miles up Madera Creek. They wanted to
[Text continues Top of page 159b,
--- Analyst]

KECHAYI

INTERTRIBAL RELATIONS AND LOCALITIES

649 Tribal areas, localities, and sites were not obtained from E.M. Her information on tribal relations corroborates the statements of others that close contacts between Yokuts and Western Mono date only from about 1860 onward. Since her childhood, and particularly since the Ghost Dance of 1870, intercourse has been more facile between the Mono and Yokuts groups on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. When people gathered at Table Mountain for the Ghost Dance, the Eastern Mono would

[326] [Text continues bottom P. 159b]

[797] "B.W. described Missionary Y as 'a lover of the Indians' money." He was always asking for money which he took away to a near-by town. B.W. said he told his boy not to put money in the collection plate while Y was the missionary because "he loved the Indians, but he loved their money too much." In contrast, Missionary X, who superseded Y, was cited as a good man.

⁴⁶Gayton and Newman, 28.

[P. 159 b] DUMMA

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[609] catch an Indian. The people on the Creek had never seen any white people or Mexicans before; they were all scared and hid around in the hills. But some were caught, among them B.W.'s father, his brother, and himself. A bullet had hit his brother. They went back into their village. B.W.'s father was the headman and he asked the white men to leave their guns at home unless they wanted to have fights. The white men said they just wanted to make friends. Then his father called all his people together and told them to go down [where?] to the "white fandango." About twenty or thirty went and were given food, hats, and coats. Then others went down. They had been told to come once a month for presents.

A man (named Dover?) had one hundred and sixty acres of land where he wanted the Indians to be placed. All the headmen, Gashowu, Tachi, everybody, were sent for. B.W. went with his father. The government wanted to make schools. Each morning two white men and (native) interpreters told them what was going to take place. Then a white man (Dover?) went over to Kings River to see the Indians there, but he got killed. The Indians called him Ca'w's. The government sent no money at this time. But this was the beginning of all bad things -- sickness and drunkenness -- and all the Indians went.

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[609] On another occasion B.W. declared that the high price of native basketry was due to the fact that some white land owners charged Indian women for the privilege of coming on their property to get the grasses and roots needed. He said that "over on Kings River" some men charged \$2.50 a day for the gathering of basketry materials on their land.

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[192] feel the wrists of their partners in the dance. If they had hard wrists, the Mono knew they were Mono also; if the wrists were soft, the dancers were Yokuts. The Eastern Mono conversed with the Yokuts through their linguistic and cultural kin, the Western Mono people (Yayanchi and Posgisa). When these said the Yokuts were friends, the Eastern Mono left them alone.

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222 E.M. recounted the story of a war with Mono people which occurred before she was born.

Long ago (before E.M. was born) a number of Yokuts people from the Chukchansi, Kechayi, and Gashowu tribes were camping east of Friant. They had all gone there for acorn-gathering. It was the general practice that the men, immediately after the morning meal, went out to shake down the acorns. Leaving these to be collected by the women, they then went off for the day to hunt or fish. Toward sundown they returned and helped the women crack the nuts.

159 Now white man at Washington pay me seven dollar haf,
657 live one month. I can't do that. My people work; my boy
work; all my grand-children work all summer; pick grapes;
[467] pick peaches; shear sheep. They no make 'nuf money live all
winter. 'Fore Major Savage come, we eat plenty.

159 First white man I see come mine gold in river. They cut
tree; split log; make long box; make dam in river. We watch
173 'em. We don't know what they do. Then river come high;
648 wash 'em all 'way. Pretty soon two white men come make boat
on river take white man across water. Then lots white man
come mine gold.

After 'wile soldiers come, make big wood house for fight.
They all got gun. They catch lots Indian. Some Indian get
'way. *Mokes* (women), children run 'way, sleep in mountain
under rock, brush. My grandpa, Tomkit, tell soldiers, 'Put
away gun; my people come in; they no like gun'.

Soldiers catch lots Indian man, boy. They make Indian
man, boy stay place where they make wood house for fight.
Soldier don't make wood house. Indian make 'em. Soldier
make Indian cut trees, chop logs; give 'em saw; give 'em axe;
make 'em chop; chop, chop; build big wood house for fight.
White soldier call big wood house Camp Barbour. Sometimes
Indian don't want work. Soldiers *make* 'em work. Soldier
take long black snake mules' whip. They whip Indian on back.
They whip, whip, whip. Two, three Indian die—whip 'em too
much.

After big wood house done, soldier come with big man
from Washington, sign paper with Indian. One time before
Indian sign paper with white man, Major Savage come Kuyu
Illik. He come horse back. He have blue clothes. He have
six, seven men. They all have blue clothes. They all got gun;
they all soldier. Major Savage he talk my grandpa, Tomkit.
He tell him big father at Washington send him see Indiana.
He say we haf bring all Indian chief here talk big man from
Washington. He say we haf bring all *Choinimne* Indian chief;
we haf bring all *Nutumutu* Indian chief; we haf bring all
Chauchile Indian Chief; we haf bring all Indian chief; fifty,
sixty chief, Kuyu Illik, talk big man from Washington. Major
Savage say Indian talk little bit. We know what he say all-
right. My grandpa, Tomkit, talk rest our chief. They think
that's bad business.

Then Tomkit talk Major Savage. He tell him, "It's summer now; it's hot; it's long way Kuyu Ilik, Kings River, where Choinimne live; it long way Nutunutu Indian; long way Chaulchile Indian; long way *Kahwatcheswah* Indian. Take long time see all them Indian. I think maybe take my men three, four weeks see 'em. They run long way; they sweat lots. Why you want us do this? What they gonna do that paper we got sign?"

I hear all this. Tomkit say, "You be next chief, Pahmit. You hear what white man say."

Then Major Savage he tell Tomkit. Major Savage, he say, "I big medicine man with big father at Washington. You haf do what I say. I hurt you if I want to. I make all your people die. I make all fish go out river. I make all antelope, all elk go 'way. I make dark. You do what I say, nothing hurt you. But you no hurt me. You shoot me with bow, arrow, I live. I do all thing I tell you 'bout. You shoot me with pistol, you no hurt me."

Major Savage have nice six shooter. My people never see six shooter before. They see rifle; they see pistol. One, two my people know how shoot 'em.

Major Savage put white handkerchief side oak tree. He load six shooter one, two, three, six bullet. He put powder; he put paper; he put bullet; he stand close tree. He shoot handkerchief, one, two, three, six time. Every time he make hole in handkerchief.

My people all stand 'round close, see. Major Savage load six shooter 'gen. We see him put powder, paper, bullet. Then he give our man. "Now, you shoot me. You shoot me; you no hurt me. You no kill me. Don't you 'fraid. You go 'head, shoot; you no kill me." Then he stand close our man. Our man shoot, bang! Then Major Savage he grab in air with his hand. He don't fall down. Our people look each other. They say he big medicine man. Then our man shoot 'gen. He shoot six time. Major Savage, he grab in air six time. Our people all come close, look. Then Major Savage hold out hand, open it. We see six bullet our man shoot. Major Savage catch 'em all his hand.

My grandpa, Tomkit, he see that. He b'lieve 'em. I see that. I b'lieve 'em, too. All my people see that. They all think Major Savage big medicine man. They all think they better do what he say.

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159 Then Major Savage he talk. He tell us, "Now you do what
I say. You bring chief all Indian tribe here. You bring 'em
●173 here ten days now. You bring two Indian each tribe. You
648 bring one chief; you bring one *moke* for me. I want one wife
each Indian tribe."

My grandpa, Tomkit, he send men bring all Indian chief;
tell all Indian chief bring one Indian wife Major Savage.
Indian chief all come Kuyu Illik. They bring Indian wife
Major Savage. I think they bring seventeen. I think some
run 'way. I think seven stay work for Major Savage.

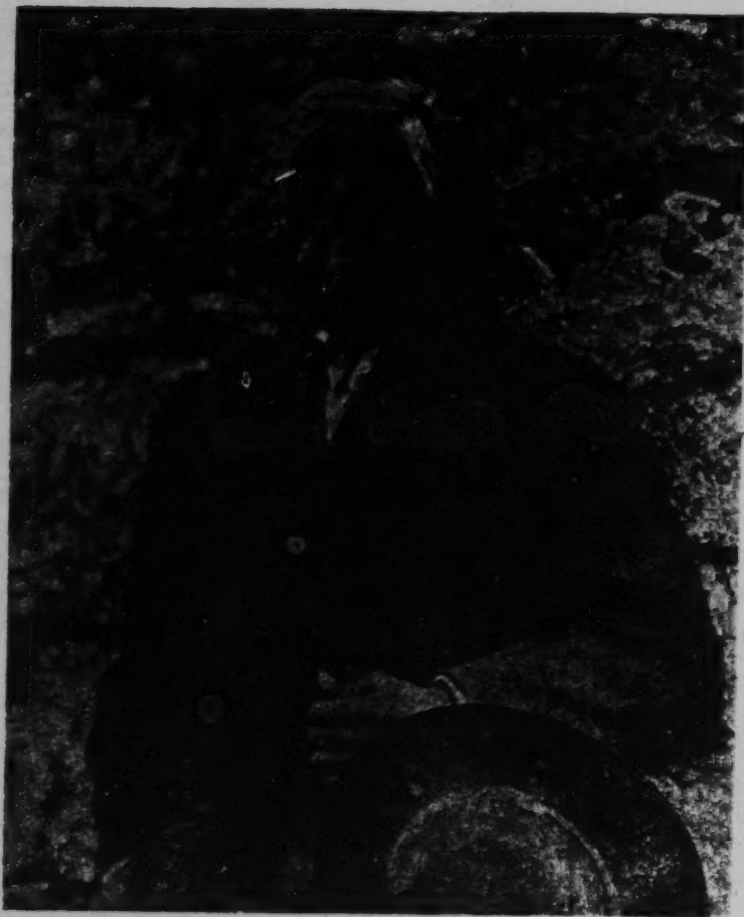
After all chief come Kuyu Illik, one, maybe two days, big
man from Washington come with paper. Lots 'em come. I
think they fifteen, maybe twenty horse-back soldier. They
three soldier on four horses wagon. They stop wagon Kuyu
Illik on big open place south my grandpa's house. All Indian
crowd 'round, look. All chief set 'round on ground.

Some soldier take three big box out wagon. They put 'em
in open place, each one up top. Then Indian get on top, way up
high. He talk our people. That Indian belong our people
long time 'go. When he little boy, Spanish preacher take him
Mission at San Juan. At San Juan he learn read, write, talk
like white man. Big white chief call him Charlie. Our people
call him *Yo'-ho*. White chief talk him. Then Yoho talk us long
time. He talk, 'n talk, 'n talk. He turn 'round, 'n 'round, 'n
'round on box. My people all hear him. He say we got give big
Father at Washington all our land. We got go down valley,
live. He say big white Father at Washington send us clothes;
send us flour, send us blanket, send us horse. He say big
white Father send us teacher, so our people go school like white
man.

Our people no like that. They think all right send things.
They no like go down valley. No acorn there; too many Indian
there. They think have fight with Indian there. My grandpa,
Tomkit tell Yoho. Yoho talk long time big white chief.

Then Major Savage he go wagon. He bring whisky; he
bring tobacco. He tell all Indian set down, they gonna smoke.
Major Savage fill tobacco pipe. He make one puff, he give
pipe Indian. All Indian make one puff. All white chief make
one puff.

Then Major Savage give 'em lots whisky. Then Yoho talk
long time 'gen. Our chief all set 'round, listen. Then they
make sign mark on piece paper. *Co-toom'-se*, chief with *Chuck*



Fahmit in 1929, aged about 100 years, by the wall of the old stone guardhouse at Fort Miller. Fahmit helped to build this wall about 1854.

chan'-se. He sign 'em: My father, *Dawk-taw*, he chief with Dumna tribe Indians. Some people call him *Tap'-pah*. He sign 'em. My uncle, *To'-mas*, he chief *Kit-cha'-ye* tribe. He sign 'em. Lots Indians sign 'em. Take long time. Then white chief go 'way.

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648 Major Savage go 'way. He go Kings River. White man there shoot Major Savage like our man shoot 'im. Major Savage he die. Ha! Ha! Why he no catch 'em bullets?

Then white man come; they mine gold in river. They shoot Indian. Soldier put Indian in jail; they whip Indian. They run all Indian 'way from village Kuyu Illik. They burn all Indian house.

They smooth ground where Indian house burn. They play music there. Blue clothes soldier march, march, march there. They make Indian dig dirt, mix mud; make adobe brick; make white soldier big house. White men call big house Fort Miller. They take Indian by tree over river. They hang 'em there; they cut rope and dead Indian fall in river. My grandpa, Tomkit, he tell white soldier, "You better look out." He tell white miner, "You better look out. Indian spirits no like you do this. Pretty soon bad things happen you."

Then high water come wash 'way all white man's store; wash 'way lots white man; wash 'way lots, lots Chinaman. Then pretty soon white soldiers all go away. My people think Indian spirit make 'em go. They glad. They dance. They sing. Not many Indian left. Lots Indian die whisky; lots Indian die bad white man sickness. Just few Indian left. Indian live Kuyu Illik 'gen. White miner still whip Indian; still shoot Indian.

Then by 'n by, white man all talk fight. They say long way off, white man shoot white man. Lots white man go long way off, fight. Then white soldier come back Fort Miller. This time white soldier pretty good man; they no shoot Indian, they no whip Indian too much. Some Indian work for white soldier; white soldier give 'em flour, give 'em tobacco, but Indian pretty near all gone. White soldier stay this time maybe three, maybe four years. Then all go 'way. I never see no more white soldier.

159 My father, Dawktaw, gone. My grandpa, Tomkit, gone. My uncle, Tomas, gone. I big chief now, but no got Indian tribe. Just me; just my sister left. My sister got one boy, got one girl. I blind; I no see. I no see maybe ten, fifteen year. I got one boy; he got three, four, baby. We work hard, we don't have 'nough eat. Big Father at Washington no send flour; no send horse; no send clothes; no send blanket, like white chief say when Indian sign paper at Kuyu Illik.

[P. 9-A]

538 human: their animal predecessors were immortal or
 773 revived by easy means. The other story is that
 of the Pleiades, the group of discontented young
 wives who rose to the sky. Both stories are
 localized by tribe in accordance with the nar-
 5173 rator's tribal affinity. Of tales which are be-
 lieved to record recent historical events, New-
 man obtained two, one the narrative of an actual
 war between several tribal groups (which is not
 included here) and The Gamblers. Gayton re-
 corded two, The Boastful Man and A Bear Trans-
 formation. One of Kroeber's tales, The Man and
 the Owl, appears to have been regarded as an
 actuality.

538 That mysterious necessity, whether psychic,
 178 neurological, or emotional, which makes culture
 persist, seems more palpably in effect in myth-
 ology than in other aspects of culture.⁷ There
 is little or no ritual usage of myths by Yokuts
 and Mono: out of a world compiled of thousands
 of objects, acts, and ideas, the narrator is
 theoretically free to choose his literary ma-
 terials, yet he persistently tells his story ac-
 cording to traditional form. This observation
 is an old one, but it can never be overempha-
 sized. And it is recalled here because the
 stylistic simplicity of Yokuts tales is a case
 171 in point. The usual stock-in-trade of North
 American Indian narrators--the inexhaustible
 dish, kill-all arrow, life-token, Symplegades,
 and such--were known to the Yokuts and appear in
 their tales. But instead of being used fre-
 quently, as in Pomo or more extremely as in
 Northwest Coast myths, they are used sparingly,
 one in one tale, another in another. Now, this
 may be narrative restraint, or it may be con-
 forming to tradition, or both. But simplicity
 is maintained in spite of the possibility for
 florescence.

Although ritualistic pressure did not bear
 upon Yokuts tales, two constraining factors may
 be noted. The first was the rôle of these myths
 as traditional lore, that is, sheer historical
 information. The myths are repeated to the
 173 young as historic fact--this was the way land
 869 was made, fire was obtained, evil cannibals over-
 come, and so on. The explanatory element is
 182 frequent.⁸ This aspect of the myths should
 necessitate adherence to general plot even though
 details might be altered or augmented. The sec-
 ond factor, which actually would affect the

124 "This "necessity" was manifested individually
 by a Wobonuch man, who, though consistently re-
 fusing to act as an interpreter, always worked
 near by while his daughter interpreted for my
 informant. One day he suddenly threw down his
 ax, strode menacingly toward the young woman,
 and said, "If you're going to tell it, you tell
 it right!"

⁸The presence of explanatory elements in
 myths, however, may not necessarily indicate an
 etiological motivation (cf. Waterman, The Ex-
 planatory Element in the Folk-Tales of the North
 American Indians).